

Keep Troth

The Spring 2018 KHC Newsletter



- A note from Janet
- King's Hall, Compton – the early years
- From the archives: The Heroes of England



KHC faculty pose for a picture circa 1970.

A note from Janet

Appreciating the King's Hall, Compton legacy



Janet poses for a photo in BCS' Glass Passage, one of the areas on campus where the KHC legacy is unmistakable.

Sometimes in life, the stars align, and the future becomes instantaneously better! This is exactly how I feel as I start my leadership of the Advancement Department at BCS. With over 30 years' experience in fundraising for schools and universities and for the performing arts in Canada and the USA, I have witnessed first hand the incredible benefit that committed individuals have on the life of an organization. With only a few months under my belt at BCS, I am very aware of the depth of tradition present within the walls of this fine institution—and not one day comes and goes without a recognition of the legacy of

the ladies of KHC and their importance in shaping what BCS is today.

In the months and years ahead, I look forward to meeting you; to understanding your life stories and how these can help inform our quest to give our students, girls and boys, the best educational experience—one that will aptly prepare them to forge forward as leaders with intelligence, empathy, and perseverance, helping our world face the challenges of tomorrow. 🌟

Janet Turcot Vukovic
Director of Advancement

Students at KHC perfect their cooking skills in the Domestic Sciences Lab.



STORIES

KHC NEWSLETTER SPRING 2018



From left: Ann Mitchell, KHC'55, Sarrah Ewing, BCS'15, Renee Lewis, and Rebecca Leblond, BCS'16, enjoy some afternoon tea at Uplands Cultural and Heritage Centre.

Uplands Tea in August

by Renee Lewis

On a lovely afternoon this past August, I had the pleasure of having tea with alumnae from KHC and BCS at Uplands in Lennoxville. We were joined by a few former staff members. As has been my experience with other similar events, stories flowed freely, laughter rang loud, and new friendships were formed. I am

always delighted to witness the lifelong bonds formed by alumnae from their shared experiences at KHC and BCS, and how seamlessly you reconnect with one another, and bridge the gap between generations. It is a pleasure to hear fond memories, private jokes, and updates on your current lives, as well as to share with

you what is happening on campus these days. I look forward to more opportunities to connect with you and please let me know if you are travelling through the Townships. 🌟



Avery rings the St. James the Less church bell, which was brought to the BCS campus for Homecoming Weekend last fall.

Just chiming in

By Avery MacKay Russell, BCS'85

Last fall I enticed my mother, Elizabeth Price McCrudden, KHC'59, to join me for BCS' annual Homecoming Weekend, with the opportunity to watch her grandson play soccer. During half time, as we walked up toward School House from Grant Field, we heard the distinct ringing of St. James' bell. Mum stopped in her tracks and said "I feel like I should be wearing my navy blue skirt and walking two by two into church!"

The front of School House was bustling with activities, and the atmosphere was alive and happy. Surrounded by alumni, students, parents, and staff – many of whom I know and love – I felt like I was at a

family reunion. Even more notable than the bouncy house, the barbeque, and the hot chocolate and coffee van parked on the grass, was the beautiful red brick front of School House that was pressure-washed last summer. Many KHC women might remember the red brick, but my class of 1985 always thought it was a brown brick building!

The next thing I noticed was St. James' bell sitting at the foot of the stairs leading up to the front door. Bringing the St. James bell home to the BCS campus was not easily done, but well worth the effort to keep the history of our two schools alive

and growing. As I rang it, I imagined the history it witnessed while watching over the KHC girls for so many years. Knowing it will now watch over the future generations of BCS students forever, in its new home, brings a tear to my eye. 🌟



KHC girls practise their swimming and diving skills in this promotional photo from the KHC Archives.

King's Hall, Compton – the early years

by Jocelyn Pangman Shaw

I have always felt so lucky that in 1940 I was sent off to the unknown world of a country boarding school, near the tiny village of Compton in the Eastern Townships of Quebec. Happily, several school friends from Montreal were also new girls; however this did not mean we roomed together, probably a good policy, as it allowed us to make new friends. And what friends our class made and have so remained! Through countless years of keeping in contact and annual get-togethers, we never tire of remarking how lucky we were. Perhaps all classes didn't share this bonding, but the class of 1943 did indeed.

These were the Second World War days, and during my three years many

evacuees from England and Europe were welcomed. There were three sisters in one family, and several with two; some had brothers up the road at BCS. Being young ourselves, I don't think we had any idea of what it was like for these uprooted girls, and only now as I look back do I marvel at their adjustment, at least in outward appearance. They added immeasurably to the school ethos.

A little distance down the driveway was the Junior Cottage, with its own matron. We older girls always made much of the Juniors, which I hope alleviated some homesickness, especially those without older sisters. I don't believe the school enrolment was more than 100 if that, and,

impossible to believe, the total annual cost was \$800—for the evacuees only \$700!

Miss Gillard, our wonderful Head Mistress was British herself, and read the news from London at lunch most week days, along with "Beverley Baxter's London Letter" on Sundays. News of bombings in London and elsewhere must have been horrendous for the senior girls to hear.

Miss Gillard, "Gilly" as she was affectionately known, in many ways defies description. Of average height, she seemed perhaps taller as she bore herself so solidly upright; her full figure was never stiff, and more than one girl in need was comforted in her embrace. Her loving quarters were in a wing of the main building, and consisted of two floors. She often had a friend to



MISS GILLARD
1944.

stay, particularly the mother of the three Aitken girls from Buffalo, New York. When our delightful French teacher arrived from France, Odette Cailteux, she too became a close friend.

This is not to say we weren't well aware of the rules and the expectation of how we were to behave. Gilly's displeasure was not hard to mistake; one only had to see her striding along a hall frowning to know something was amiss. Saturday morning "Gilly" held Assembly in the gym, giving the Agenda for the coming week including any special events. Those who had demerit points for misdemeanors, called "Order Marks", had their numbers read aloud by Gilly, a mortifying experience, with their punishment allotted later. Two of Gilly's many quotes: "Girls—Heads up! Bosoms up" and "A lady always cleans her bath—others must!"

Weekdays: Up with the rising bell clanging up and down the two floors of corridors. Make your bed and tidy the room for there was inspection while we were at breakfast. "Break" at mid-morning in the dining room consisted of jugs of cocoa along with plates of cold toast, their edges often burnt. Never mind, we were always ravenous at that age.

After lunch, we were shooed outdoors—in the autumn to walk up Windy Hill Road or through the fields at the back of the school. The use of the excellent swimming pool was often restricted when the presence of a contagious disease was being contained. However, those of us who were lucky enough to make maximum use of it bettered our strokes and diving, and, as I did, passed their Junior and Bronze Life Saving certificates.

The infirmary was upstairs in the same wing as the pool, the gym, and the Junior Lounge. During my time, the nurse was the splendid Margie Gurd.

Homework was done after dinner, at rows of desks in the Prep Hall. This hall also served for the Closing ceremony in June, talks from visiting dignitaries, Saturday night movies, and a theatre production each term on the stage; I remember HMS Pinafore in our last year being great fun.

Saturdays: The big treat was walking into Compton to buy "goodies" at the county store—there being little else to tempt us in this tiny village. (Compton's one claim to fame was being the birthplace of Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent!) Afternoons saw laundry deposited in the lounge and, to the music on the radio, missing buttons were sewn on and attempts made to darn holes in our black stockings! The Saturday night movie topped the day's excitement.

Sundays: Breakfast was an hour later than weekdays, giving a delightful bit of a sleep-in. Navy blue was de rigueur for dress on Sunday, as, nicely turned out, we walked in pairs over to the Church for morning service. Canon Oliver, who also taught Scripture class at the school, was the minister. The Olivers, with their three nice children, had their own small house nearby; the girls at the school, and the son Fred at BCS. In my last year, my roommate Joanie Price (Winser) and I were in the choir: me a soprano while Joanie sang alto. The Anglican service is now forever imbedded.

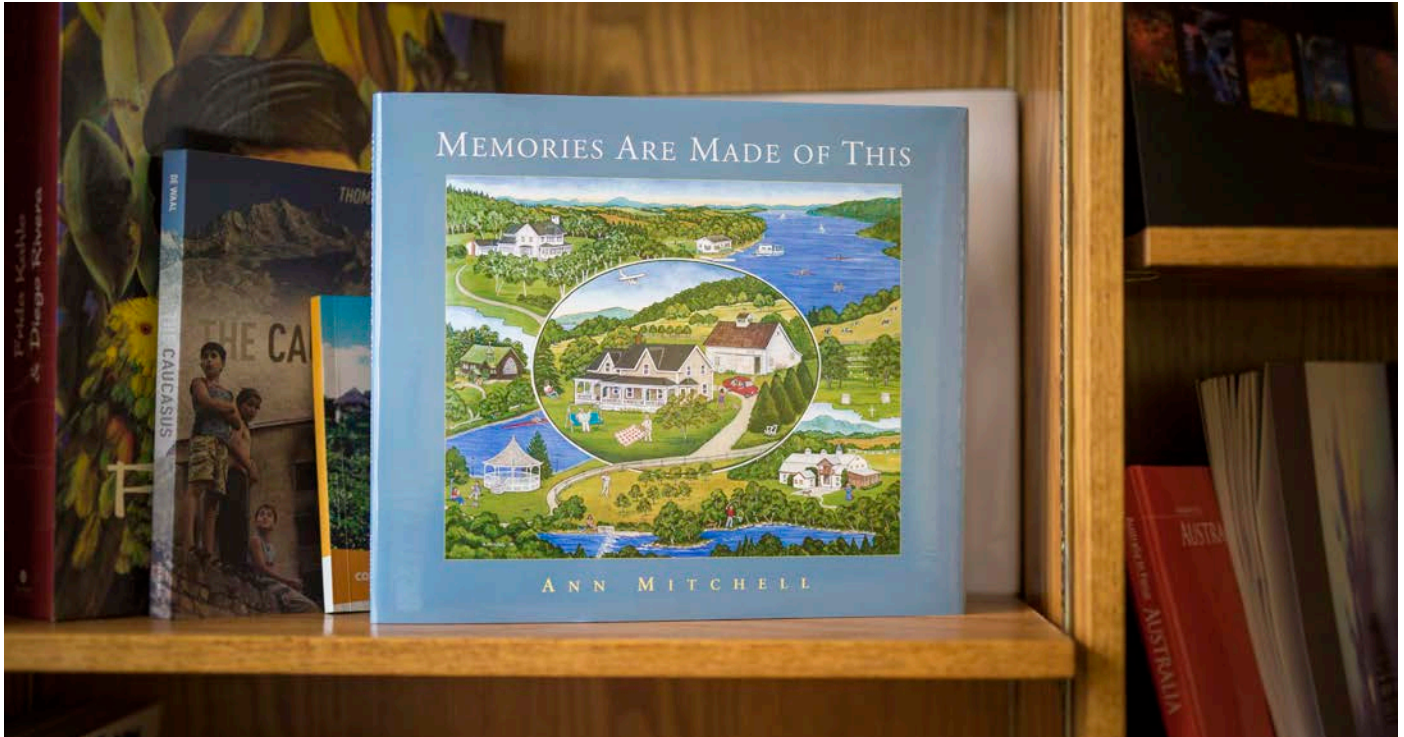
Autumn: Apart from settling into a new year and three months of school work, autumn also brought two social events involving the boys from BCS. In October,

a team came to play ground-hockey. I laugh to recall that during the game the boys were required to play with one arm behind their back: several of our senior girls galloping down the field, their great legs and arms chasing the ball, could have laid some of the chaps flat!

Then came the excitement of the pre-Christmas dance. I am sure it was a nervous time for many, wondering if they'd be asked to dance – certainly those who had neither a relative nor a friend at BCS. But the memory of the dance also brings a smile. Held in the gym, with lights slightly dimmed for the occasion, the music coming from records on a gramophone, we danced with various partners (always hoping for a special one, of course). However, throughout the entire affair the gym was ringed by seated staff – assuring little chance for any unseemly behaviour!

Winter: Saw a few skating in the frozen tennis court, but mostly walks at a brisker pace. A few ski trips over to the low North Hatley hills were as exciting as it got, given the weather and restricted transport of a bunch of chattering ski-laden girls. Much more anticipated was the "sugaring –off" day in the nearby woods where hot maple syrup was poured over snow making a delicious sticky toffee called "latiere" ("pulled").

Spring: The last term brought the return of fine weather and outdoor activities coupled with the looming year's end, both a pleasure but also clouded by those writing their Quebec Matriculation (11th Grade) or High School Leaving exams (in those days there was a choice). Here BCS enters again with the Tea Dance – a much more laid-back affair. I recall the buses transporting us the 14 miles between schools being alive with excited young chatter; a few romances had developed over the months, albeit mostly by mail or secretive phone calls. The latter was tricky as the only telephone for us girls was in a booth near the dining room and prey to all passersby. It is wonderful to note that so many boys and girls of that era and later, remain to this day staunch supporters of BCS. 🌻



Twenty years after publishing her first book, *Where The Heart Is*, Ann Mitchell, KHC'55, has released a sophomore publication, filled with richly detailed paintings and stories about family memories.

Making memories

by Corinna Stevenson

I first met Ann through my husband's work at Bishop's College School. Her husband, Brad, had worked in development at the school and was a mentor to Greg, my partner. We had dinner at their beautiful farm in North Hatley and discovered uncommon commonalities that led to a special friendship. On our second visit, we went for a walk and sat under an ancient white pine. Ann shared with me the story of the property and her relationship with the tree. It was on this walk that we learned one of the things we share is the way in which we are deeply bonded to nature. Ann has a very special way of seeing the world and of expressing her love for it and the people in her life. This comes through in her artwork. When she shared with me the paintings she was choosing for her new book, *Memories Are Made of This*, I was not at all surprised to see the old

pine tree make an appearance. One of the things I love about Ann's paintings is that they are steeped in meaning. Had I not had the great privilege of sitting with her on that day, I might not have even noticed the tree in her artwork, but there it was. The moment we had together under its shade, the depth of conversation we shared, what that tree has meant to people over the years, and what it must have been witness to over the centuries, all came flooding back and a happy smile played upon my face. Ann's paintings are like that: when you first see them, you like them. Then, when you really look at them, you start to notice the detail, humour, joy, intelligence, depth, and love contained within.

Not too long ago, I unpacked a box and discovered a print of one of Ann's paintings. It is of Greg's old family farm, which coincidentally (or maybe not) is also

the place she and Brad rented when they first came to the Townships. That print is being framed and will have a special place in our home. It is, after all, where Greg and I fell in love.

Our recent move to Vancouver Island means I no longer get to drive up to Ann's place, enjoy lunch, a cup of tea, and good conversation. Despite the geographical constraints, the thread of our deeper connection is not diminished and it is with great anticipation that I await the arrival of my copy of her new book. I am so grateful to have had the time to get to know Ann and miss her dearly. 🌻



This KHC badge is part of an unmistakable collection of books and paraphernalia from the Compton campus.

CLASS NOTES

KHC NEWSLETTER SPRING 2018



Bart MacDougall, BCS'54, Marian MacFarlane, KHC'56, and Gael Eakin, KHC'56, strike a pose on the slopes during their annual ski trip to Whistler.

Jocelyn (Pangman) Shaw, KHC'43

"A quick note to say that due to the kindness of friends, my name was submitted to the Governor General's Office for recognition of a long life of Volunteering. To my surprise and delight, I am being awarded the *Sovereign's Award for Caring*."

Ruth Maddocks Ferguson, KHC'44

"We are celebrating our 70th wedding anniversary on September 16, 2017 with 60 residents of Somerset House in Victoria, BC at a champagne reception. Are there any couples with similar events this year?"

Ann (Cameron) Mitchell, KHC'53

Ann has written a companion book to *Where The Heart Is*, a collection of her paintings and the stories behind them. The new book, *Memories are Made of This*, became available in October. Her paintings of country houses worldwide and the families who live therein are whimsical and amusing. Several KHC old girls are featured, including **Fiona Bogart**



Members of the KHC Class of '61 celebrate their 55-year reunion in Rothesay.

McKim, KHC'53, with whom she used to chat through a shared secret hole in the wall after lights were out while **Miss McClennan** was pacing the corridor outside! Please contact distributor Helene Hamel for a copy of these books: hphamel322@hotmail.com.

David and Jean Cruickshank, KHC'55

This spring, **Tyler Lewis** and **Patrick Houston** decided to drive home from the Toronto Golf event, in order to make a stop in Kingston and hop a ferry out to Wolfe Island to visit with former **Head of School**

David and his wife, **Jean, KHC'55**, in their beautiful home overlooking the harbor. It was wonderful to find them in such good spirits and enjoy their stories about their time on Moulton Hill. BCS is a prominent theme throughout their home with many paintings, memorabilia and vivid memories of their happy years spent at the school. They love to connect with old friends, so look them up if you make your way to Wolfe Island!

KHC Class of 1956

Submitted by Gael Eakin, KHC'56

They came from all over: Terri Abbott from Bermuda, Beachy Bogert from Metis Beach, Babbie Fellowes from Maine, Claire Hudson from Florida, Mika Ignatieff from Colorado, Pat Jackson from Mississauga, Brenda Keddle from Victoria, Marian MacDougall from Vancouver, Judy McCollm from Calgary, Jill Pacaud from Windsor Que., Eve Smith from Halifax, Sue Throsby from Collingwood, Debbie Troop from Bloomfield Ont., and Sheila Grier from Toronto.

We heard from those classmates who wanted to be with us, but could not come: Sue Ward from Texas, Barb Kerr from Vernon, Luciana Wagner from Belgium, Penny Parsons and Suzanne Schneider from Philadelphia, Sandy Stewart from Paris, Gay Harding from Australia, and Eve Hargraft from Newfoundland.

Juliana De Kuyper and Gael Eakin were at home in Georgeville to receive the 60th reunion for our class of '56 at the end of June. The first evening there, there was only seven of us, so we had a head start in catching up. For the next three days, we talked and laughed and learned about lives lived. What amazing lives! We were such an interesting, and diverse class.

The second night we had dinner in Georgeville and celebrated Eve Smith's 77th birthday. The following day we all went over to BCS where, thanks to Susan Cook, we were royally received. The archivist, Merrylou Smith, and her two young helpers were very interested in stories of our school days. We were given a lovely lunch and a warm welcome from the Head of School, Tyler Lewis, (who looked about 22 years old to us!).

We then went over to King's Hall, where it was arranged for us to be able to explore, trying to find our old rooms (converted to plush hotel rooms), and to view, with nostalgia, the prep hall, the gym, and the pool, that were all abandoned. We walked the glass passage, went INTO the staff room (no more smell of smoke!), and UP the forbidden front stairs. We posed for a video reciting, "I had to laugh to see a calf walk down the path...."



Left: Gillian Rowan-Legg Booth, KHC'61 (second from left) with her family – including daughter Stephanie Wrenn Smith, BCS'90 (second from right). **Right:** Members of the KHC Class of '63 gathered at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts in January 2016. From bottom left: Pam Fletcher McCurdy (in purple sweater); Jenny Eardley Croome; Susan White Pierer; Cathy Wootton Danforth; Margot Cowen; Janet Burgoyne Partridge; Debbie Hornig, BCS'69; Dodi Hornig; Mary Cape Usher-Jones; Lalage Wright Hackett; Emily Black; Esther Franklin MacLeod.

That evening, we had a barbeque for 20 of us on the veranda of Gael's house. Beachy's husband Patrick was the chef, and their two dogs kept us company.

Sadly, it was that day we learned of the passing of Susan Kilgour who had planned to come to the reunion from B.C. She had kept in touch with several of us, but had to cancel as her health failed her. We paid tribute to her at our dinner.

On the last day of our trip, we all went off in separate directions with sadness, but with wonderful memories, and our bonds strengthened.

Gael Eakin, KHC'56

"**Bart MacDougall, BCS'54**, his sister, **Marian MacFarlane, KHC'56**, and I meet every year at the MacFarlanes place at Whistler and ski together even though we are getting so old...BUT we ski for practically nothing because we are so old!!!"

Kate Reed, KHC'59

I have just published a historical biography of my grandmother. The book launch was at the McCord Museum Nov. 7th, 2016. The museum's archives house the Reed papers as well as the correspondence, historical items, photographs, etc. which are used by historians, writers and students. More info at www.katereed.ca. Contact: Katesbook@gmail.com to order the book.

KHC Class of 1961

Submitted by Gillian Rowan-Legg Booth, KHC'61
 Rothesay, N.B. in late August was the venue for the gathering of the class of '61 in celebration of the 55th anniversary of our graduation. With Peggy Butterfield Couper, born in and summer resident of Rothesay as our fearless leader, we were in good hands!

From Nova Scotia, Bermuda, Toronto, Montreal, Colorado and London, UK came ten "old girls" (old in years perhaps, but not in spirit!). Francie Bieler, Peggy Butterfield, Heather Grant, Martha Meagher, Mary

Molson, Gill MacLaren, Sue MacLaren, Becky Romano, Gillian Rowan-Legg and Judy Westwater along with four intrepid husbands comprised the group. Walks through beautiful country, drives with three ferry crossings, a tour of St. John, wonderful dinners, one hosted by Peggy and Colin Couper and the second at the inn where we celebrated Becky's birthday and were treated by her husband, Jimmy, were all beautifully arranged by Peggy whose enthusiasm for New Brunswick as she led us about was infectious. At lunch in Gagetown on the banks of the St. John River, Becky did a dramatic reading of one of Gilly's "My dear Girls", "Yours Affectionately" letters. That Becky had kept the letter all those 55 years is a testament to the impact of Gilly on our lives. Fifty-five years had passed since Becky went off to UCLA and we had the pleasure of her presence with us again. The gaps were so easily bridged with chatter and laughter abounding!



Left: Member of the Class of '65 gathered on the east coast last year. Standing: Jeanie Walbridge Blevins, Joy Balloch Ahrens, Susie Buchan, Jill Stainforth, Bev Bryant Bradley, Sara Peck Colby, Joan Aitken Donhauser, Sydney McDowell. Seated: Sue McCain Armour, Lee Ellson Moreland, Jill Francis Bauch, Shirley Allen Brown, Margot Grant Kyle. Missing from the picture: Barb Brockunier. **Below:** Jill Stainforth, KHC'65 and Diana Colby Bryant, KHC'65 reconnecting in Victoria this past October.

Another highlight was a telephone conversation with Diana Gordon whose health precluded her being with us. As well, Jane MacDougald, Joan Booth and Brooke Barrett's hopes to come were not to be realized. Next time we hope! The group resolved to meet again in two year's time, when we hope that our ten will expand. Keep Troth and stay well 'till we meet again.

Gillian Rowan-Legg Booth, KHC'61

"A mother of nine-year-old twins, Emma and Lila, my daughter **Stephanie Wrenn Smith's, BCS'90**, professional life is centred at the University of Alberta Hospital, Edmonton, as an Infectious Disease physician. She has a clinical practice, is Programme Director for ID training, and is the Director of Infection Prevention and Control."

KHC Class of 1963

Submitted by Janet Partridge, KHC'63

"A mini-reunion of the Class of 1963 took place in January 2016 at the Montreal Musée des Beaux Arts."

KHC Class of 1965: On the East Coast

Submitted by Margot Grant Kyle, KHC'65

"At the inspiration of **Sydney McDowell**, who found the perfect, large old farmhouse on the coast of Maine as a possible rental, 14 classmates from the KHC class of 1965 gathered over the week of September 6-13. Sydney along with two other maniac classmates, **Joan Aitken Donhauser** and **Joy Balloch Ahrens**, coordinated the gathering. The weather was perfect, and we spent lots of time walking wooded paths and fabulous sandy beaches – often getting caught in the COLD water of the rising tide, finding beach treasures, exploring the area by boat and on foot, wandering at a local farmers' market in the town of Bath, enjoying an outdoor music festival in another town, and cooking and eating delicious meals together (including a Maine lobster dinner and Mr. Burt's chocolate sauce). There was much laughter and chatting, along with some games and quiet times catching up on each other's stories. Most important at the heart of all of this was about who each person is as a human being, and the deep and caring connections we continue to feel among us, even after 52 years."



KHC Class of 1965: West Coast Encounter

Submitted by Gillian "Jill" Stainforth, KHC'65

Diana Colby Bryant, KHC'65, flew over from Vancouver to Victoria in October. She and I drove up-Island (in belting rain!) to see vineyards and countryside and have lunch at Unsworth Vineyards. Here we are on the ferry back to Victoria.

Class of 1967: Fifty Years On—West Coast

Submitted by Felicity Smith, KHC'67

"It was a glorious summer day here on Vancouver Island as the Queen of New Westminster pulled into the Swartz Bay Ferry Terminal. Onboard from Vancouver were **Ann McInnes** and **Heather McAlpine**. At another dock, a ferry from Salt Spring Island carrying **Betsy Johnston** and **Heather Wyllie** had arrived earlier.



Above: From left to right going around the table: Penny Porteous, Cynthia Moffat, Cindy Morton, Nancy Keyes, Ann Esdaile, Robyn MacDuff, Mary Sue Philpott & Penny Doheny. **Below:** Members of the KHC Class of 1967 gathered on the west coast. From left: Betsy Johnston, Ann McInnes, Heather Wyllie, Heather McAlpine, Felicity Smith.

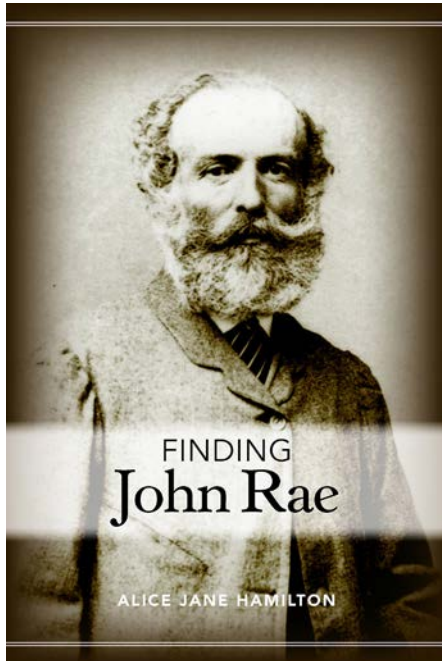


Jen Byers moved out west a few years ago, but was unable to join us. While Vancouver, Victoria, and Salt Spring Island are not far apart as the crow flies, they are actually worlds apart. Living on the west coast,

we settle comfortably into our respective communities on islands and the mainland, separated from each other by sea. Despite good intentions, months and years can pass between visits.

Our plan was to meet at a popular restaurant at a marina in Sidney, a seaside town a short drive from the ferry terminal. It is impossible to catch up on fifty years over lunch and, inevitably, after a toast to absent friends, we kept returning to memories of KHC: roommates (where are they now?), croc walks (who knew they were punishments!), Saturday walks to the village store to spend our 35-cent allowance, afternoon teas with **Gilly**. Oh, and the food! Ice cream and chocolate sauce, card-table-sized birthday cakes, all the bread and butter we could eat, and hot maple syrup drizzled over snow. Small wonder the entire school was put on a diet before we were sent home for the holidays!

Returning to the present, I was struck by what a warm, interesting group of women I was surrounded by. Over the past fifty years, we've travelled widely and followed many paths. We've been teacher, counsellor, life coach, air hostess, B&B operator, fundraiser, and union organizer. Our lives include children, stepchildren, and grandchildren. As I watched their faces



Jayne Hamilton, KHC'68 released her book *Finding John Rae* in April 2017.

discovery of the missing Franklin Expedition and the elusive link to the Northwest Passage in 1854. John Rae's sister was my great-great grandmother. When I learned of the family connection in 2009, I became fascinated with his story. Since then, I have travelled extensively for research purposes. My own journey in search of my ancestors' connections with Orkney, Scotland, the Inuit people of the Canadian Arctic, prejudice in Victorian England, and the nature of truth, has been a real learning curve. My husband Don Cooper and I live in Penetanguishene on Georgian Bay. We have five children, seven grandchildren, two horses, and a dog." 🌻

and enjoyed the conversation, I realized that our lives also include unique, unbreakable connections made years ago in the corridors and classrooms of KHC.

Many thanks to Alumni Officer, **Susan Cook**, for sending newsletters, BCS/KHC pins, and, most importantly, a video of BCS students in 2014 singing *Forty Years On*. One of the girls was wearing our school uniform (tunic and white blazer) and we were touched by the students ending the song with 'Happy reunion, King's Hall, Compton!'"

KHC Class of 1967: A Day in Ottawa

Submitted by Cindy Morton, KHC'67

"Thought you might like some news from the Class of 1967! On May 16, Robyn, Mary Sue and I took the train from Montreal to Ottawa to see the beautiful tulips and went to the Ritz on the Canal for lunch with five of our classmates."

Jane (Aylward) Hamilton, KHC'68

"My creative, non-fiction biography, *Finding John Rae*, was published by Ronsdale Press of Vancouver in April 2017. In the book, arctic explorer Dr. John Rae tells his own story about his extraordinary life and his

FROM THE ARCHIVES

KHC NEWSLETTER SPRING 2018



The donated book now lives in the BCS Archives, serving as a valuable connection to our school's heritage.

The Heroes of England

by Merrylou Smith, Archivist

In January, I was delighted to receive a donation to the King's Hall, Compton Archives from James Sweeny, archivist of the Quebec Diocesan Archives. It was a prize book, *The Heroes of England: Stories of the lives of England's warriors by land and sea*, edited by John G. Edgar. The book was presented to Marjorie Valpy, Form IV, by Lady Principal Gena Smith during Midsummer 1904. The book is embossed

with the King's Hall, Compton crest and, even though published in 1893, it is in fine condition.

Artefacts such as this prize book are wonderful additions to archival collections. Our present day BCS students enjoy seeing these artefacts and learning about their school's heritage. Each year, students are presented with various prizes and awards to mark their achievements and seeing

such items from the past enhances their perception of their awards. One day, 114 years from now, a Form IV student may be looking at their prize and thinking about those recipients who have come before them. Connections between past, present, and future are an important part of the BCS experience and artefacts from school days past are treasured links. 🍁

FARE THEE WELL

KHC NEWSLETTER SPRING 2018

Renée Perrault Benn, KHC'52

1935 - January 20, 2018

Renée Benn died on January 20, 2018 in Naples, Florida after a short illness.

She was born in Montreal, Canada in 1935, the daughter of René Brunay Perrault, whose family were among "Les Canadiens" who fought with Montcalm in the Battle of the Plains of Abraham in 1759, and Louise Jerrems Muhlenberg Mathews, who was a direct descendant of Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, who came to Pennsylvania in 1742, was instrumental in the founding of the Lutheran Church in America and whose family played active roles in religion, politics and the army in early America.

She graduated from King's Hall, Compton in 1952 and McGill University in 1957. She married Frederick William Benn in 1958, with whom she shared 60 years of fun and adventure, golfing and skiing.

She is survived by her husband, three children, Graeme Mathews Benn (Rebecca), Vancouver B.C., Brian Macarthur Benn (Jan), Burlingame, Calif., Lucinda Chapman Benn (Paul), San Francisco, Calif., and five grandchildren, Katie, Madie, Melissa, Matt and Jamie.

Her family appreciates the compassionate care provided by Avow Hospice.

Heather Thuswaldner nee Anderson, KHC'53

Passed away unexpectedly at home on July 25, 2017 in her 81st year. Heather was the best friend and cherished wife of Andreas Thuswaldner for 59 years. Loving and much-loved mother of Norman (Karen Clifford), Andrew (Cindy Thuswaldner), and Stephen (Luisa Thuswaldner); grandmother of Sarah, Jessie, Nicholas, Emily, Marco, Erik, and Caleb Thuswaldner; and great-grandmother of Nadya, Norah, Nylah, and Linnea. She was the devoted daughter of the late Catherine Crites. Heather enjoyed a wonderfully active life in the great outdoors. In the winter, she went downhill skiing both locally and

in Western Canada and the U.S., and cross-country skiing in the Greenbelt and the Gatineau Hills. In the summer, she canoe camped with Andreas throughout Ontario and Quebec, hiked, rollerbladed, and the list goes on. As Heather's late-life scoliosis presented numerous physical challenges to her, she steadfastly pushed forward, never complaining, and persisted by going for walks whenever she could with her walking sticks, and later with her walker.

Jane Cushing Brazeau

October 13, 1939 - March 11, 2015

It is with heavy hearts that we announce that Mum died peacefully in the early morning of March 11, 2015. Predeceased by the love of her life, Jean-Paul (John) Brazeau, to whom she was happily married for 48 years. She was an avid bridge player, and gave a hug and smiles to all those she crossed paths with. Devoted mother to Penny, Doug, and Kate (Stephen Takacsy). Grandmother, known as Bummie, to her grandchildren Blake, Keri, Georgia, Julia, and Nicholas. Bummie had nothing but love and admiration for her beautiful children and grandchildren from whom she received endless joy. Leaving behind her sister Susan, and her brothers Stephen and Jack. Mum was known most for her warm nature and outstanding personality, which enabled her to keep a positive outlook throughout life and during her illness. The Funeral is arranged to be held at 11:00 a.m. on Thursday, March 26, 2015 at the Chapel of the Mount Royal Cemetery, 1297 Chemin de la Foret, Outremont; Reception to follow. In lieu of flowers, donations to the Victorian Order of Nurses (100-2315 St-Laurent Blvd, Ottawa, ON K1G 4J8) or the Holy Trinity Church (12 Préfontaine Ouest, Ste-Agathe-des-Monts, QC J8C 1C3) would be very much appreciated.

Elizabeth Anne MacDonald, KHC'63

1945 - 2017

After a lengthy illness Anne passed away peacefully in her sleep on August 20, 2017 with family by her side. Lovingly remembered by her daughters Melanie and Frida, her sister Christina Rill Maher, her extended in Vancouver, Montreal and Calgary and by her many friends. Predeceased by her son David Henry and sisters Mary Leigh and Nancy, she has now joined them in a better place. A memorial service will be held at St. Mary's Kerrisdale Anglican Church on Sunday September 10, 2017 at 2:00 p.m. Anne will be laid to rest next to David in Ocean View Cemetery. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made on her behalf to the Canadian Mental Health Association, help@cmba.bc.ca To sign the book of condolences, please visit www.mckenziefuneralservices.com

Vicki Nelson Little'66

1948 - 2017

With courage, strength and determination following a long and arduous struggle with melanoma, Vicki died peacefully at home on Thursday, August 17th, 2017. Loving wife of Patrick for 43 years and deeply devoted mother of Christopher and Alexandra, Vicki brightened the lives of those fortunate enough to love and be loved by her. Her compassion, generosity and enthusiasm will be greatly missed by her family and her many friends. Vicki's involvement in various local organizations, both as volunteer and employee, enriched her life and helped better her community. She was a fiercely proud Canadian who considered herself extremely privileged to have lived in this wonderful country of peace and natural beauty. Many thanks to all those who showered her with incredible amounts of love and kindness throughout her illness, and a special thanks to Trish Loat and Gail Richardson for their unwavering support and encouragement.

Phoebe Anne Magee (nee Freeman)
 1920- 2017

At Saint John, New Brunswick on April 21st, in her 97th year with her loving daughters Willa (Ed Cayer) and Margot (Lee Sackett) by her side. Predeceased by her beloved husband Allan and son Brian, she is survived by her half-brother Claude Freeman, her grandchildren Luke (Marie Eriksson) and Christiane, step-grandchildren Andrew and Tara and great-grandchildren Sebastian, Max, Henry, Tilja, Ina, and her extended family.

Born in Vancouver on October 27, 1920, Phoebe grew up in Montreal and was educated at Trafalgar School for Girls and King's Hall, Compton. She studied art at Sir George Williams College early in the Second World War before joining the RCAF Women's Division and was posted overseas as an Intelligence officer with #6 RCAF Bomber Group in Yorkshire. Allan was in the Royal Canadian Regiment and they were married in a little church near the bomber station in 1944.

Only after the war – and three children – did she start to paint again which she continued to do into her 90s. A committed volunteer all her life, her proudest accomplishment, along with Allan and a small group of friends, was the founding of the Kitchener-Waterloo Art Gallery which recently celebrated its 60th anniversary. When they moved from Montreal to Saint Andrews in the late 1960s her own painting revolved around the town's early architecture. She and her first friend in Saint Andrews, Sandy Smith, both founding members of the Saint Andrews Civic Trust wrote and illustrated The Saint Andrews Heritage Handbook, which is still in use. Many years later she had great fun with Shirley Downey illustrating her children's book of poetry for the Born to Read programme.

Always a wide-ranging reader she was chairman of the Ross Memorial Library. She was a co-founder of the Fundy Community Foundation and Hospice of Charlotte and chair or board member of many other

organizations including the New Brunswick Museum as their first female



president. In 2017, she was the recipient of the Governor-General's Sovereign's Medal for Volunteers.

Above all, Phoebe was a wonderful and inspirational wife, mother and grandmother; bright, engaged, warm, generous and strong through good times as well as sad ones. Greatly loved by her family, she also kept the friends of her childhood and continued to make new ones of all ages throughout her long life. Always living in the present, she relished a lively discussion about what was happening in the world. She loved to travel, learn new things, serve her community and enjoy each day as it came especially if it included a walk around "the Point", no matter what the weather, with her wonderful friends in the walking group. 🌻

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King's Hall, Compton was more than a school. It was a community of caring teachers, dedicated staff, and inquisitive students who built its rich history. Today, the legacy of that history lives on at Bishop's College School.

As part of a new initiative in our Alumni Office, we want to celebrate the stories of our alumni, starting with our KHC girls, in an ongoing effort to build the body of archival materials about life at KHC and BCS.

But we can't do it alone! We would love to hear your stories about your time at KHC and learn about the memories you hold dear. Whether it's a story about order marks, French class with Mlle Caiteux, or the infamous 'croc walks,' we want to hear it all. To find out how you can share your story with us, please email alumni@bishopscollegeschool.com or call 819.566.0227 x253.



Photos and stories from King's Hall, Compton will serve as an important reminder of our school's history.



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